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DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, AND GENERAL MISCELLANY.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE WASHINGTON AMERICAN.

We can hardly think it necessary to urge upon those who hold that Americans ought to rule America, the importance of having a paper at the seat of the Federal Government, which shall enunciate and advocate the doctrine of the American party.

A paper issued from any of the great centres of a nation, but especially from the political Metropolis, in the present age, not in this country only, but in Great Britain, France, and wherever there is a least freedom of discussion, is a medium through which those holding similar sentiments in regard to public affairs and public policy, may make known, discuss and defend their views, and expose the impropriety of the principles, and the impolicy of the measures of their antagonists. It should earnestly labor to give a proper direction to public opinion by enlightening the public mind.

THE AMERICAN is the only paper published at the seat of the Federal Government which advocates American doctrines; the only sentinel of the party stationed where a near and clear view can be had of the movements and doings of their opponents at their headquarters. Here political information concentrates, and from hence it radiates to every part of the empire; here party measures and movements are determined, and political campaigns planned; here strategists are concocted and thwarted, and here at certain seasons of the year politicians must do congress; here, in short, is the centre of the great political maelstrom in which so many thousands are constantly plunging and forever gyrating.

If the American party is desirous of being a national party, it should not be without a paper here through which it can make known to all people its views, aims and opinions, and which shall also refute the calumnies that are from time to time uttered against it through ignorance or a less excusable motive; and we, therefore, take hope that the American, standing as it will stand, even on the platform of an American party, advocating as it will advocate, the paramount rights of native-born citizens, eschewing, as it will eschew, all interference with slavery as a national concern, and maintaining, as it will maintain, perfect freedom of opinion and of conscience in religion, will find favor in the eyes of all truly patriotic citizens in the land, and commend itself to their generous support.

Let us may not have been specific enough in declaring our principles, we add, that the FAREWELL ADDRESS of the Father of his country, as illustrated by the broad light of his administration, is our political text-book and our motto; and shall be our compass and chart.

PLATFORM

Of the American Party, adopted at the session of the National Council, June 3, 1857.

1st. A humble acknowledgment to the Supreme Being, for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American independence.

3d. Americans must rule America, and to this end native-born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal, and municipal offices or government employment. In preference to all others:—

1st. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but

2d. No person should be selected for political station, whether of native or foreign birth, who recognizes any allegiance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate or power, or who refuses to recognize the Federal and State constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

4th. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will, between the citizens of the several States, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-interference by each State with the affairs of any other State.

5th. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory of the United States, under the Federal Constitution, to frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress. *Provided always, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the Federal Constitution, and who have a fixed residence in any such Territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.*

6th. A change in the law of naturalization, making a continued residence of twenty-one years, of all not hitherto provided for, an indispensable requisite to citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers and persons convicted of crime, from landing upon our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

7th. Opposition to a union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, or worship, and no test laws for office.

8th. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

9th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws now in force, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

10th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Pipes of the misty moorland,
Voice of the green and hill,
The drone of highland torrent,
The song of lowland rill!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains, dark with rain,
Nor maiden tower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear.
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

Day by day, the Indian tiger
Loudly yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Nearer and nearer crept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—
Pray to die!" the sadder said,
"To-morrow, death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread."

They listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sob of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll,
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to the sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true:
"Dinna ye hear it?—tis the slogan!
Will ye no believe it now?"

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the drumming pibroch;
"Hark! hear ye no Macgregor's—
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Gloomie
Rose and fell the pibroch's blast;
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice with man's:
"God be praised!—The march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fiercer as vengeance,
Sharp and clear as swords at strife,
Came the wild Macgregor's clan-call,
Stinging all to the life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blissfully
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Round Red Ditch's golden shrine,
Breathed the air to Brion's dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet home-like strain,
And the tartan cloak the turban,
As the Gloomie cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And the plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The pibroch's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

The Slogan of the Highlanders.

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Bannet, a French physician, in the service of M. de Rajah, and published in Le Pays (Paris paper, under date of Calcutta, Oct. 8).

"I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the persecuted party:

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without that unutterable horror that must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to comfort each other, and to perform the light duties which devolved upon us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jesse Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jesse had been in a state of restlessness all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially on that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At length, overcome with fatigue, she lay down upon the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father returned from the plowing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could not resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it, dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jesse was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—the Macgregor, the grandest o' them

all. Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears could hear nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jesse, who had again sunk to the ground, sprang to his feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the entire line, 'Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbell's are comin'! Dye hear? dye hear? At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as if threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, and nothing was heard but the bursting sob and murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' etc. After that nothing else made an impression on me. Jesse was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'

SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

In the month of July 1831, I was on my way from New York to the island of Curacao on board the American ship Patrick Henry, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture, upon every vessel that showed itself above the horizon. Our Captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to have pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude twenty degrees and longitude sixty degrees and fifty minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our weather-studding sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my own inclination, and wondering whether the quiet and happiness of a domestic life was ever to be my lot, when the captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the main top and began my scrutiny.

"Well, what is she?" asked the captain from the deck.

"I can hardly make her out—but I think she is a schooner."

"Aye—what's her course?"

"Southwest by south, I think; about the same as ourselves."

I remained in the top a few moments, and continued looking at the stranger.

"She seems fonder of the sea than I am," I continued, for she might have her top-sails and top-gallants, and studding sails to boot all set, instead of slipping along under her lower sails."

The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through the glass a white speck above her fore-sail, flapping against the mast.

"Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her fore-top-sail."

The captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking attentively for a short time—

"What's that?" he asked; is that her square sail she's setting? I can't see from the deck."

I looked again.

"Yes," 'tis her square sail; as I'm alive, she has changed her course, and is bearing down upon us."

But by this time the captain had mounted the rigging and was standing beside me; he was eying the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, said—

"I rather expect that fellow's a pirate."

"Pirate?" I asked in alarm.

"Yes, I'm a pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along that do little sort of a way as when we first saw him; who ever that had any honest business to do, would allow such a line breeze to go by, without showing more canvas than a powder monkey's old breeches to catch it. Next, you see, what the mischief he has to do with us, that as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square sail. Again he looks just like one of those imps of mischief, with his low, black hull, and tall raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name is Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do? The Patrick Henry ain't a Baltimore clipper,

and that 'ere crew will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me; if we let them rascals aboard it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'll try to keep 'em out. We ain't got but an old rusty carter's two six pounders, and I don't believe there's one ball on board; we came in such a hurry. Then there's two muskets and an old regulation rifle down in my state room, but they ain't been fired, I don't know when, and I'd as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked like now and try to frighten that out-throat rascal?"

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second as best I could. He walked up and down the cabin twice; then rubbed his hands together as if pleased with his own idea.

"I have it," he cried, "I'll just go on deck and put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself looking out your pistols, if you have any; for if he won't be content with a look at us, we'll have to fight."

I hurriedly took my fowling piece and pistols from the cases, for I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball and in each of the pistols put a brace; this done I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his plan of action.

"But," said he, "maybe we'll have to fight. If them villians have a mind to try us they'll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you'll help me to keep them off. You see it's most likely they will make you walk the plank whether you fight or not; if they get on board, and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em."

There was a hearty "Aye, aye, sir," to this short harangue.

"Thankee, thankee, boys," said the captain "now we'll not show another stitch of canvas but seem to take no more notice of the fellow than if we didn't see him; and if he does try to come on board, then we'll show 'em what we can do."

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks which had once been black, were grizzled by the same causes. He was an old sailor and a staunch republican; and as some of his men told tales of fights in which their captain had borne a part, I presumed he had served, when a young man, in the navy of the States.

The crew were busy in obedience to his orders, cutting up a square top-gallant mast into logs of about four feet long; these were immediately painted black with a round spot in the centre of each end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance of pieces of cannon, and with two old six pounders were placed, one at each port on the deck, five on a side, but the ports were to be kept closed until the captain gave the order to open them, when they were to be raised as quickly as possible and the logs to be thrust out about a foot. A platform was then made on the top of the long boat, which was fixed between the fore and main masts, and the cannon or fourteen pounder was hoisted up. These things being arranged, the captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots to wonder and talk about what was to be done.

In the meantime he had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but was as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her however, for beside a large square sail and square top sail on the foremast, she had run out small fore-topmast, studding sails, and onward she came, right before a pretty smart breeze, yawing from side to side, at one moment sinking stern foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out under her; and at the next, forced head-long onward by her successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to her hull, testifying how rapidly she was going through the water. I could not help thinking of the captain's expression, for she certainly did 'walk up to us like nothing,' and as there appeared no time to lose, I went down to the cabin to assume my weapons.

The captain was there arranging some papers and a bottle was before him, into which he had put a letter.

"Maybe," said he, something'll happen to me; for if they bloody pirates won't be cheated, I will be the first to suffer, and natural enough, too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by orders, just because I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tar-paulin by every rascal who chooses to say heave to, on high seas. But never mind, only should you escape, just drop the bottle and letter overboard; if you think you can't deliver it yourself."

Now I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in the approaching melee, for I thought that the ship intended to throw open her ports and show her sham guns, and of course the schooner would take flight. But when he began to talk about death in such a serious strain I began to feel very uncomfortable; and I not being a natural warrior, I wished myself any place else than on board the Patrick Henry. There I was, however, without any chance of escape and I suggested to the captain that it would be as well for me to put a letter in the bottle also, in case of any accident to both of us, which was agreed to, and we arranged, that if either survived and had the opportunity the letter of the unfortunate should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little piece of preparation the captain took me by the hand.

"Tis well," said he, "are you willing to share with me the post of danger? Do not suppose I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea fight, no, young man, I've supported the glory of the thirteen stripes in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honored

and esteemed as the sons of Liberty. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it was their duty to hold their lives cheap but you are now a passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel. Hands are scarce and I don't know where else to place you."

The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I of course instantly agreed.

"Thankee, thankee," he replied, and relapsed into his former character.

'Twas strange; he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common yankee captain, with little to say, and with a rough, uncouth manner but little removed from his men; yet he at once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman, and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more natural in him than the former. There was evidently a mystery about him, and I determined to find it out when more opportune circumstances should occur.

We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of the captain to make them start. These were soon given. The cooper and carpenter were ordered to bring up all the hatchets and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifles they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt to board.

The schooner had now come down within half a mile of us, when she suddenly took down her square sail, hauling her wind to have a look at us. I dare say she did not know what to make of our seeming indifference.

Presently a cloud of smoke burst from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water and passed astern of us.

"I thought so," said our captain, "now lads show her our stripes."

A ball of bunting flew up to the end of the mizen peak, rested an instant and fluttered out into the American ensign. The smoke drifted away from the schooner and she ran up at her gaff the ensign of the Columbian Republic.

"That's the tarnation way with them black-guards, they're always making a fool of some republic."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when another column of smoke burst from the schooner, and another ball came skipping along towards us, but catching a swell it plunged in, and we saw it no more.

"That follow, now, I take it, is a good shot, so we'll wait for another. Clue up the mainmast boys, haul aft the main braces; clue up the foremast, luff her man, luff her a little more steady," bust from the captain's mouth.

The orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well disciplined crew, and our ship was hoisted.

"Now, my lads, take your stations; four to each port on the weather side, but do nothing till I tell you."

The men took their stations as directed, round on the weather side, and I followed the captain to the platform, where our cannonade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket balls, lumps of lead, and other missiles, for the captain had truly conjectured—there were no balls on board.

The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our cannonade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bear on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking trumpet in one hand, and a hand-spike, with which he shifted the position of the gun as required, in the other.

"Now, sir, keep steady, and obey my orders coolly," said the captain, in an undertone.

"Boy, fetch that iron that's heated in the galley—run."

The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, which was handed to me.

"When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life and those on board."

The captain now put his speaking trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat, which was within a hundred yards of us.

"Stop—no nearer or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off, or I say I'll—"

At that instant the man at the bow of the boat, who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the captain to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech.

"Why, captain, what's the matter? are you hit?"

He replied, "Nothing—they're coming."

He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—

"Fire and be quick."

I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was alongside. The smoke burst from the touch hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next, it exploded with a tremendous report that deafened me.

Throw open your ports, boys, and show them your teeth, roared the captain, through his trumpet, and his voice seemed hideously unnatural.

In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles.

I had fancied that I heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon, but the report had deafened me, and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me that I could not see; the unearthly shout of the captain had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived, for as the smoke was borne away to leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered

the hapless boat to pieces killing or wounding almost every person in her—the longest lifetime will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches struggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge showed how fatal had been the discharge. Ropes were thrown over to save those who were not destroyed by the cannon shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved, the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had not been shot did not sink but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was oozing, and, floating around them; others stiff in convulsions in which they died were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leathern girdle in which was stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone, some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of expression was destroyed. He was the pirate captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat, and whether alarmed at our appearance or horrified at the loss of so many men, I know not, but she slipped her foresail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but as soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for again getting under weigh.—But no order came. Where was he? The musket just discharged from the boat, with the voice, that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed upon my mind.—I ran to the platform. The captain was there lying on his face beside the gun, which he had pointed with such deadly effect. He still held the trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld his mouth piece covered with blood.

"The captain's killed!" I cried, and stooped to raise him.

"I believe I am," said he, "take me to the cabin."

A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below and carefully laid on a sofa.

"Aye," he said, "I heard the crash, my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank, to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But, tell me, is any one else hurt?"

"No thank heaven, I said, and I hope you are not so badly hurt."

"Bad enough, but cut open my waistcoat—tis here."

A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he heeded it to his right side.

I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood, but on removing his shirt we discovered about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discolored spot, about the size of a half-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit; but externally it was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side, said,

"I feel that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—tis to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped; and it is hard to be struck by a villain's hand. But God's will be done."

I promised him that I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to New York from Curacao.

"Thank you truly," said the dying man, "you will see my Helen and my child, and you can tell them their unfortunate husband and father died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee skipper should be known as he once—"

A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by a change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell on former scenes of battle for the republic; and of undervalued treatment.—He rallied for one instant, and with a blessing for his family and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was the next day committed to the waves, amid the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to the end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man, how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain need not be told. Suffice it to say that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloomingdale, and the happiest son-in-law, husband and father in the United States.—*Yankee Printer.*

ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES.—A very curious and interesting report was presented to the French Academy of Science, a short time since, by an ingenious mechanic, M. Gaudin, on the result of many years' experiments, having for their object the production of artificial precious stones. After twenty years' labor, M. Gaudin has succeeded in fabricating imitation of jewels so perfect as to deceive the most practised eye. The imitation of the ruby—the most precious of stones—has reached a rare degree of beauty and utility; for it is preferred by competent watchmakers, as pivots for watches, to the real ruby, being equally durable, and much harder. M. Gaudin expects, by means of recently discovered process, to be able to produce the ruby and sapphire of a sufficient size to